

Hope Pius Tenth.

Our Pontiff great and good is now no more,
In vain his death our mournful accents grieve:
Heart-gushing tears can ne'er such loss retrieve,
Nor waft his soul from heaven's peace-girt shore
To earth ablaze with horrid hell of war
Where Christian millions meet in crimson strife.
How faithfully till ebb of full-spent life
His mystic name of "burning fire" he bore!
How glowed his heart with Eucharistic zeal,
With love of God and man! A peasant born,
He loved the poor and made the mightiest feel
Their power or wealth he held in noble scorn.
Though dead his praise grows strong in hearts of men,
God grant the Church may see his like again!

D. S.

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